

THE WORLD.

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CIRCULATION BOOKS ALWAYS OPEN.

A DANGEROUS SCHEME.

Revelations made in THE EVENING WORLD to-day indicate that an insidious and gigantic scheme is on foot to undermine the effect of the Democratic vote for Electors.

A vast number of stickers have been distributed by the Republican schemers with the cunning object of electing one or more Republican Electors on the Democratic ticket in each doubtful State. In this State a clever and concerted attack is made on the name of GEORGE BRECHT, one of the Democratic Electors. The voters in this vicinity are requested to paste over this names the words, "READ BENEVOLENT." This is not a typographical correction, as might appear to a careless voter, but a regular Republican Elector. Other names are used elsewhere.

A voter who wants to know what he votes to-morrow will need a very sharp pair of eyes.

THE CLOSE OF THE BATTLE.

To-morrow evening will end the agony of the politicians. Mr. HARRISON will feel bad if the people decide to continue four years more Mr. CLEVELAND's wise and honest rule. Mr. CLEVELAND will feel bad if the people set him aside after a single term and restore the party of the Star route frauds to power. Mr. WARREN MILLER will be disappointed if Gov. HILL's sympathy with the people induces them to keep the latter in office three years longer. Gov. HILL will not be well pleased if WARREN MILLER should defeat him. GRANT will be disconcerted as to his apparent certainty of election by a large plurality should prove fallacious. EMBERT will feel badly if he is left far behind HARRISON's city vote. ANDREW S. HEWITT will scarcely feel surprised, but will certainly feel chagrined if he fails to beat COOGAN, and COOGAN will grieve if he does not receive a fair labor support.

But everybody cannot win, and it is to be hoped that the sorrows of the defeated will be temporary only. When the fight is over all will be good friends again, and whatever the result the country will be safe. So vote fairly and early to-morrow, and let there be no cheating at the polls.

WELCOME HOME, MARY.

Let the election go to—anybody who gets a majority. What do the people care now that MARY has come back to us—MARY ANDERSON—classic, frigid, beautiful MARY—our MARY? Safe from the attractions of titles; unwon by learned judges and unlearned duds; heart-free and ready to be captured by a true American, our statuette artist dramatic returns to the country of her birth to tell us that after all the Republic of the Western World is good enough for her. It is all very well to endure the praise of the Prince of Wales; to bask in the sunshine of Royalty and to light the pipe of a broken-down rhyme-maker whose fame is eclipsed by a title; but MARY likes her American home and comes back to greet us as warmly as we are ready to welcome her.

MARY tells us she is glad to be back again after three years' absence, although she speaks with satisfaction of her sojourn abroad. She is to make her new appearance on Monday next in "A Winter's Tale" at Palmer's. That is decidedly the best tale the people of New York have heard this Winter.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

John Jay.

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Frank A. Degroot, of Milbury, Mass., gave birth to four girls before the other afternoon. The smallest child weighs three pounds, and the others nearly six pounds each. They are all bright and active.

A brother of Millet, the eminent French artist, lives in Boston and earns a modest living as a sculptor. He is a man of cheerful life and polite manners, and bears a striking resemblance to his brother.

John A. Sneider, of Silverville, Pa., has a silver watch that has been in use for more than 100 years and still keeps excellent time. Mr. Sneider's grandfather took it from the body of a Hessian soldier slain at the battle of Trenton in the Revolutionary War.

A party of Colorado sportsmen, who went on an exploring tour in the wild region around the head waters of White River recently, discovered a waterfall 80 feet in width, with a sheer descent of 150 feet, underneath which are immense caverns, adorned with stalactites and natural formations of great beauty.

S. M. Waxmaker, of Philadelphia, is a brother of the celebrated John Waxmaker, and is himself a merchant prince. He is forty years old, but looks like a man of thirty, and is an athlete. He beats his men on the lowest round of the ladder in the clothing business, and the success he has won is solid.

A girl, who wears a complete and costly, ADAMANTINE SUIT, was seen in the city.

\$1,000,000.

What Would You Do with Your Money and Yourself

IF YOU WERE A MILLIONAIRE?

There Seems to Be as Much Interest in This Question as in Politics.

Is Busy Making a Million.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am too busy making a million to indulge in dreams as to what I will do with it when I've got it all home. I'll let you know, however, as soon as I get it all in.

WORKER.

Thinks It a Feishish Question.

To the Editor of The Evening World: If I were a millionaire I would spend no space for advertisements as to fill out the space in THE EVENING WORLD which these foolish questions take now.

MAURICE L. KAHN.

Thinks It a Safe Bet.

To the Editor of The Evening World: If I were the owner of \$1,000,000 I would bet the same for any evening paper as bright as THE EVENING WORLD. And the money I won I would go and take a trip around the world.

HENRY ADAMS, JR.

A Great Scheme.

To the Editor of The Evening World: If I had \$1,000,000 I would charter a special train and take THE EVENING WORLD correspondents and all my friends to go and see Grover Cleveland inaugurated next March.

H. O. C. HARLEM.

Would Be a Cowboy.

To the Editor of The Evening World: If I were a millionaire I would give half to my girl. With the other half I would buy a farm, build a house on it and call myself a cowboy. I would raise a hundred cattle every year.

EMIL HAUSER.

A Hall Boy's Idea.

To the Editor of The Evening World: If I possessed a million I would live in a hotel and I would give a hall boy 15 or 25 cents every time he brought up a pitcher of ice water. I would also have a valet to attend to me, and I would always pay up my tailor's bills.

HALL BOY.

Would Drive Out "An Englishman."

To the Editor of The Evening World: If I were a millionaire, I would spend half, yes, three-quarters of it, in driving such a miserable ingrate as "An Englishman" (in this evening's issue) from this country.

Nov. 2. "AN AMERICAN."

An Advocate of Cremation.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I would expend \$100,000 in a handsome crematory and cremate without charge the remains of the poor, publish literature on the subject and distribute the same by the million copies so as to educate the people to that method. PROGRESS, 39 Second street.

Would Be a Farm Dude.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a poor little shop kid. Six days a week I must work very hard. The seventh day I occupy by taking my girl out to Harlem. If I were a millionaire I would increase my girl's salary to \$100,000 a year, get married, live out in the country, and play dude on a farm.

LARRY RAFFERTY.

Would Utilize the Tides.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Quo' you make us million de dollars a ma disposition et je me fais fort de faire marcher tous les cars et les chemins de fer clever de New York, en utilisant l'énorme force motrice qu'on peut retirer en utilisant le flux et le reflux de la mer.

RIVEROLLES, 141 East Twenty-eighth street.

"The Master's Bidding."

To the Editor of The Evening World: If I had a million dollars I should do my Master's bidding—feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and succor the dying—believing that his possession should entail a moral obligation payable to humanity and to God, so that when my hour of death should come I might die in the comforting assurance of having tried to do his will.

M. D. Oct. 31.

Another Would-Be Philanthropist.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I would purchase coal, flour and other prime necessities of life to sell at cost price and help the needy, thus preventing some millionaires from increasing their millions by speculating with the sufferings of the poor, especially in Winter and in other epochs of calamity.

JOHN P. CHICCO, 203 Bleecker street.

A Crank Extremist.

To the Editor of The Evening World: If I had \$1,000,000 on my command I would have a large cage made such as are used to send the dogs to the next world, and once having such a cage I would fill it with such cranks as Mayor Hewitt and Lord Saville, and once having it filled I would take it to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean and sink to the bottom.

A GOOD DEMOCRAT.

Another "Nonsenseful" Letter.

To the Editor of The Evening World: If I had that amount of money, I would give THE EVENING WORLD \$50 to shut up its nonsense. I don't see how people answer such insane questions as THE EVENING WORLD puts to them. I hope you will publish this as you do other nonsense of JOHN O'HARA.

Metropolitan Hotel, Broadway.

Free Pharmacies and Free Doctors.

To the Editor of The Evening World: If a million of dollars or a decent approximation thereto ever came to me I would start a number of pharmacies where medicines and all other things used to help sick humanity would be sold at cost. There would be in each establishment physicians for consultation free of charge.

ANTI-SELFISH.

A Sensible Young Lady.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I should think your letters from people who would like to have an Aladdin's lamp in their houses would afford you a great deal of amusement and knowledge of human nature. I am a young lady, and I think if I had so great an amount of money I would be obliged to find some gentleman to take charge of it for me. I know I would contribute at least \$10,000 toward Mr. Cleveland's election, and I would not marry an English nobleman if I could get one.

A. D. G.

A Batch of Good Schemes.

To the Editor of The Evening World: If I were a millionaire, after using \$50,000 in the financial and educational interests of my family and poor relatives, I would undertake: First—A scheme for furnishing (to the poor and middle classes especially) fuel at cost. Second—To supply cooked food at

cost, both in restaurants (to be run at cost) and at the homes of families. Third—Transportation of passengers on street cars at cost. If I were a ten-millionaire, I would undertake to put a part of a system of suburban passenger and freight traffic (rapid transit) at cost. If I were a hundred-millionaire, I should buy a through railroad track to Chicago and carry passengers and freight at actual cost. G. 33 and 34 Vesey street.

Would Be "Good to Myself."

To the Editor of The Evening World: I would pocket every cent and be good to myself for the rest of my days. I would donate no churches nor be charitable in any other respect. My "motto" would be: "Do unto others what others have done unto you." I might, 'tis true, share with the honest-hearted fellow who, when all the world were good to themselves, gave me his heart and hand and share of his thousandaire.

Mrs. HARMERT.

Would Hunt for Capt. Kidd's Treasures.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I would buy a handsome steam yacht and with several of my best friends I would take a trip around the world, and when I return home I would buy a handsome mansion on the Hudson River and own a fine stable of races. Then I would try and find some man that has some knowledge about Capt. Kidd's treasure, with fifty or sixty of a crew I would search the world for them. I think they can be found. I hope you will remember me when you are giving out the \$1,000,000.

H. F. MILLER.

There's Real Human Nature in This.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Touching the millionaire letters, I am brought to remember the old quaint German fairy tale of the little boy who did a good turn to a goblin the ever delightful Black Forest, for which he was to have his first wish granted.

Of course he wished for money—a round million—only it was to be in bright silver sixpences.

Well, he got it. At first, like all of your contributors, he meant to do many benevolent acts with it. His primal idea: He intended to give just half of it—it filled a wheelbarrow—to his mother, father, sisters and brothers. But just as gold or silver grows what it feeds on. The little boy began to reflect that his relatives would not deal so liberally by him in a similar case. Then he thought on how soon his barrow would be empty, were he to carry out his original intentions; and, frightened lest they would take it from him by force, he arose at daybreak and wheeled it away through the dense forest over the fallen leaves.

Now, he noticed peasants and people in general looking at him suspiciously. This would never do. He was cold and wet with his jacket over the shining sixpences and traveled until night without daring to ask for food. Already very miserable from growing avarice, hunger and cold, he stopped at an inn, but refused to part with his barrow long enough to eat or sleep, which aroused the suspicions of the innkeeper, who wanted him to leave his sixpences in the inn-house or stable. So uneasy did he become that he arose at early dawn, and tired, foot-sore and emaciated as he was, he began to wheel it away, determined that he would not live on the charity of his good fortune.

The barrow became heavy and unmanageable. He cursed his ill-luck in having got his money, and in coming to a stream, the overturned, the sixpences slipped into the water, and, wiping the sweat from his brow, he said: "I'm glad of it. Now nobody has it, I can return to my mother and eat an apple-dumpling!"

So you see wishes do not always give content, and it is easier to say what we would do with a million than to do it. But, for one, would like the chance. I dare say I should be as mean as other millionaires.

JANET W. WEST NINTH STREET.

A Measure of Safety.

(From Time.)

An attempt to restore Chief Murphy and his captains to power is on to-day in the shape of an application for a writ of certiorari to set aside the resolution of the Police Board passed Saturday morning.

Ex-Congressman Charles H. Voorhis applies for the writ, as counsel for Robert A. Simpson, a prominent citizen of the Heights. Chief Murphy and his captains last night, after a long and bitter struggle, were defeated by the Police Board, and their removal from office was ordered. The Police Board, however, has received the sanction of the Board of Aldermen, and so did Chief Murphy and his captains last night.

The Chief wishes it distinctly understood, however, that he received lists of illegally registered persons from the Democratic State Committee, as well as from the Republican Committee.

Jersey City Jailings.

Eugene Dowling, of Bay street, was arrested by Detective McNally this morning for an old burglary.

The work of making out tax bills was commenced at the City Hall this morning. The new rate is \$2.50 on the \$100.

It has been ascertained that the unknown man who stood on a great rock in the old quarry at the foot of the Montgomery street this morning shouting "Beware of the Blood," and to the impurity of the Blood; and it is equally well attested that no blood medicine is so efficacious as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

One of my children had a large sore break out on the leg. We applied simple remedies, for a while, thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alternative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned.

An old man, of the name of Ayer, has a remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time. —E. L. FATER, M. D., Manchester, Kansas.

We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier. —W. T. McLENNAN, Druggist, Augusta, Ga.

Ayer's medicines continue to be the standard remedies in spite of all competition. —T. W. RICHMOND, Bear Lake, Mich.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

100 Doses ONE DOLLAR

What's His Record

Is the first question asked regarding any man who is proposed for the suffrage of the people, and what is his record? as a very proper question to ask concerning any man for whom the patronage of the people is solicited. Nothing pleases us better than to call attention to the record of a man's life, and to show that he is a man of good character, and that he has achieved a record of success in his life.

It has accomplished these things because it is clean in its methods, and because it is a remedy that is not only giving every purchaser his money's worth and more, but is also giving every purchaser his money's worth and more.

Food's Sarsaparilla

Sold at all drug stores. \$1.50 a bottle. Prepared only by U. L. HODG & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

SUSPICIOUS DEATH IN ORANGE.

Arsonal Poisoning Supposed to Have Killed Mrs. James Sexton.

There is much excitement in Orange over the supposition that Mrs. James Sexton, who died after a sudden illness on Thursday, was the victim of arsonal poisoning, and the burial of the body has been delayed on account of the refusal of the attending physician to grant a permit to bury the body, as it has been properly investigated.

Mrs. Sexton was sixty-one years old. Her husband is sixty-four and disfigured by paralysis. There had been trouble between the old couple, and the husband's life is said to have been made a burden to him by his wife's conduct towards him. She was in the midst of preparing to give up the boarding-house which they kept at 45 Jefferson and to sell the furniture, when death interrupted her.

MURDERED THE HARRISON MAN.

Frank Day Stabbed to the Heart by a Drunken Rough in Chicago.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

CHICAGO, Nov. 5.—Frank Day, a young Canadian, was stabbed and died near the Post-Office shortly after midnight. He and two companions were going home and while on their way to the Post-Office depot met another party. Both parties were drunk. Day and his friends were shouting for Harrison, the others for Cleveland. A fight took place and Day was stabbed to the heart. His murderer escaped. William H. Warder, an Englishman in the Government building, was arrested as an accessory, but declares he does not know Day's assailant.

BLAINE GOES TO MAINE.

He Leaves Quietly with His Wife, His Son and Congressman Bostelle.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Blaine, accompanied by their son Walker and Congressman Bostelle, of Maine, left for Augusta on the 11 o'clock train this morning.

Their departure was made quietly through the Twenty-third street entrance of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where a carriage was in waiting to convey the party to the depot.

The Plumed Knight has made his last speech of the campaign, and returns to his home to catch his vote and await the result of the election.

BROOKLYN NEWS.

A Girl Locked in a School-Room for Twenty-Four Hours.

Six-year-old Maggie Matheson was yesterday morning found asleep in the Industrial School at 139 Van Brunt street, where she had accidentally locked in since Saturday noon.

Her parents, who had become almost frantic with grief, had caused a general alarm to be sent out by the police.

Brooklyn News in Brief.

Lizzie Claupert, of 314 Hicks street, received a compound fracture of the right leg while skyrating in her sister's yard.

John McNight, of 2126 Walworth street, Philadelphia, fell down the stairs at the bridge entrance to the street and was seriously injured about the head.

L. Gaffney's liquor saloon on Bridge street was robbed of \$50 worth of property last night. John Poon's saloon, at 225 Second avenue, was also visited and \$25 worth of property taken.

The apartments of Patrick Finley, at 109 Carlton avenue, were burglarized of \$25 worth of clothing.

The case of alleged colonization for which Morris Hartweg and six other men are now under bond, was brought to the attention of the grand jury by Judge Moore this morning.

JERSEY CITY NEWS.

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THE POSTAL-CARD VOTE.

CLOSING FIGURES OF THIS PRE-ELECTION POLL.

POL.

The Prohibitionists Club Together and Took a Little Boom—Cleveland, Hill and Grant, However, Still in the Lead—The Outlook Very Favorable to the Tammany Ticket.

Following is the total poll in the Postal Card Vote. It is not as large as it might be, probably because the politicians are saving their pennies for use at the polls.

It appears, however, that the Tammany ticket still has a good lead, and, if it maintains this proportion to-morrow it will go through with a whoop.

Herewith is printed a note of explanation from a Prohibitionist. Allowing the votes thus accounted for, although they had a very suspicious look at first, the third party makes a very fair showing:

A Prohibitionist Explains.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In THE EVENING WORLD of last Friday you charge that a Prohibitionist has been guilty of repeating in your "Postal-Card Vote," on the ground that the handwriting on many of the cards voting for Prohibition candidates is the same. While the charge is a decidedly unpleasing one and throws disgrace upon members of the party, it is very easily explained away.

On Wednesday evening the Prohibitionists held a large rally at Cooper Union and a parade before the meeting. Several gentlemen, the undersigned among them, procured postal cards and copies of THE EVENING WORLD, and went among the Prohibitionists, getting them to vote in THE EVENING WORLD's canvass. As it was inconvenient for the writers to do much writing under the circumstances, many of them requested that the cards be filled out for them with the names of the Prohibition candidates, and they would add their signatures. This was done, and accounts for the similarity of handwriting on the cards. For the signatures, I assure you that they were all genuine. Trusting that you will give this explanation as much prominence as you gave the charge of fraud, and that you will give us credit for the votes cast, we re-EUGENE TWINING, 124 East Tenth street. G. B. SMITH, 10 Astor place.

The total of the Postal-Card Vote stands as follows:

THE POSTAL CARD VOTE.

FOR PRESIDENT.

Cleveland..... 250  
Harrison..... 151  
McKinley..... 85  
Loom..... 2  
Coolidge..... 1  
Coffey..... 1

FOR GOVERNOR.

Hill..... 159  
Miller..... 160  
W. Martin Jones..... 97

FOR MAYOR.

Grant..... 125  
Hewitt..... 81  
McNulty..... 85  
Cooahan..... 12  
Wardwell..... 74  
Seward..... 2

THE REAL ELECTORS.

Names of Candidates on the Presidential Ballots of the Various Parties.

DEMOCRATIC ELECTORS.

Oswald Ottendorfer, George Reccani, David H. Brasher, Maria Uros, Charles H. Hall, Duncan G. Wood, John M. Bowers, John C. O'Connell, Joseph P. Schuchman, Moses Heller, John J. Mori, Joseph L. Mori, Eugene Kelly, Henry Bartholomew, Frederick Spennard, John G. Wilkin, James F. O'Connell, William Yonnan.

REPUBLICAN.